

-----  
Title: Isk as a Patron

Author: Nas'Rath  
-----

Isk as Patron.

\*A picture of an  
actor's frowning  
mask\*

Cast:

Lord Darian

Sandra

Girl 1-2.

Tanya Vel

Man 1-3

\*Enter Darian

followed by Girl 1,2,  
Sandra and Tanya.

Girls position  
themselves with Girl1,  
Girl 2 followed by  
Sandra and Tanya.\*

DARIAN: Enter, my  
friends, my court now  
welcomes all who seek  
my favour. Brides in  
deepest reds and blues  
you stand before me,  
each a careful stroke  
in an artist's  
Masterpiece, the best  
your houses can offer.  
Who shall share my  
heart and bed, I,  
Darian, the sheriff of  
Britania?

\*Darian turns to Girl  
1, walking up to her\*

DARIAN: Your eyes  
are dark as onyx, as  
deep as night,  
beautiful and modest  
the perfect wife.  
\*Darian turns away\*

DARIAN: Your  
father hoped those lips  
would kiss away

my justice, and  
forgive his crimes. Be  
gone!

\*Girl 1 runs off  
stage crying. Darian  
turns to Girl 2 and  
walks up to her\*

DARIAN: Your  
dress is trimmed in  
blue and silver, but  
your heart is red  
with treachery and  
lust just as the elf  
who gave you birth.

\*Girl2 runs off  
stage crying\*

DARIAN: Will no  
one here prove worthy  
of my touch?

SANDRA: Great  
lord, I greet you, I  
am Sandra. My years  
since we last met  
have all been  
spent under the  
charge of my mother,  
mastering The rules  
laid down by my  
house long ago,  
learning ways of  
honor and of the arts.  
Persuasion is my  
skill and in my hands  
the lyre sings to  
charm the crowd, not  
a single face in the  
court is strange to  
me. All that the  
perfect wife would  
need I know.

\*Darian walks up to  
Sandra\*

SANDRA: My lord,  
I have run my  
father's house for  
years and cared for  
my sister's children  
like my own. All that  
you need or want, my  
lord, I do.

\*Tanya smiles and

takes a step forward\*

DARIAN: Your  
words are true, your  
grasp of women's arts  
Is unsurpassed, but  
how sad for a man  
returning to a castle  
that's ruled with  
honor and with skill,  
but not without a  
wife who's charming  
splendor warms the  
eye and heart.

Beauty is its own  
reward. Beautiful and  
delicate like a lily  
stem. Dark eyes, with  
lowered lashes  
And waterfalls for  
hair. The highest  
virtue. The one worth  
fighting for.

\*Darian turns to  
Tanya\*

DARIAN: From this  
day forth, you are my  
wife.

\*Smiling all but  
Sandra exit\*

SANDRA: What  
worth is there to life  
with beauty lost?  
All thought, all skill,  
all effort sacrificed  
Before the simplest  
lack-wit elegance.  
Never shall I remain  
content in shadow,  
Eclipsed beneath  
another's empty smile.

\*Sandra draws her  
dagger\*

SANDRA: Their  
beauty paves their